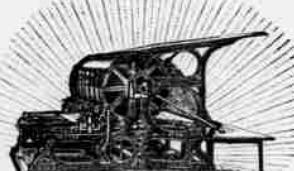


# St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

COMMENCED AUGUST 8, 1837.



# Caledonian.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1876.

VOLUME 40—NUMBER 2050.

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### Which Shall It Be.

13 richmen who had no children proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be? And when I found that I must speak My voice was very low and weak. Tell me again what I said.

And then I listened, but my head—

This is his letter.

### I Will Give.

A house and land while you shall live; In return, from out your seven, the child to me for life is given.

I looked at John's old garments worn; I thought of all that he had borne.

Of poverty, and work, and care,

Which I, though willing, could not share;

I thought of seven young mouths to feed,

Of seven little children's need.

### And This of This.

Give me a child, I said.

We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep. So, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our land.

First to the cradle lightly stepped.

Where Lillian, the baby slept.

Sofly the father stooped to lay

His rough hand down in a loving way,

When dream or whisper made her stir,

And kindly he said: "Not her."

We shopped beside the trundle bed,

And John, the boy, had laid

Abtward the boyish faces there.

In sleep so beautiful and fair.

I saw on James' rough, red cheek

A tear unshed. Ere John could speak

"He's but a baby, too," said I.

And kissed him as we hurried to

Pale patient Robbie's angel face.

Still in his sleep here suffering his woes.

"Nor for a thousand crowns not him."

He whisped, while our eyes were dim:

Poor Dick! Dick! our wayward son!

Contented, restless, idle one—

Only a mother's heart could tell.

Patient enough for such as he;

"And so, said John, I would not dare

Take him from his bedside pangs."

Then stole we softly up above,

And kindled by Mary's child of love.

"Perhaps for her, twould better be,"

Said to John. Quare she left.

He lifted up a curl that lay

Across her cheek in a wifly way,

And shook his head: "Nay, here, nor there—

The while no heart beat suddenly.

Our own, our oldest lad,

Trusty and true, and bold and glad.

Such is father—No, John, no!"

I cannot, will not let him go.

And so we wrote in earnestness was

We couldnt give a child away.

And afterward light seemed.

Thinking of that of which we dreamed.

Happy in truth that not our care.

Was missed from its accustomed place;

Thankful to seek for all the seers.

Trusting the rest to the heavens.

### New Books.

SILVER PITCHERS, published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, is a delightful book by the young people's favorite author, Louisa M. Alcott. This name will at once remind us of "Little Women," "Eight Cousins," etc., and our young readers will find "Silver Pitchers" equally attractive. Besides other short stories, this book contains in closing, "Independence," a centennial love-story of some seventy pages, which all will want to read, before the year closes.

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS, is another volume of short stories, such as "Lotus' Missionary Field," "An Easter Egg," "One May-day," "Martin," "An Abe Blossom," "Polly's Pie," etc. These stories will be found quite as well named, "For Winter Evenings," and will be found a delightful little volume for the coming holidays. The author is Susan Coolidge, and the publishers, Roberts Brothers.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just commenced the issue of a series of original American novels and stories, called the "No Name Series," to be published anonymously. They are to be written by eminent authors, and in each case the authorship is to remain a secret. Several of the most distinguished writers of American fiction, have agreed to contribute to this series, and the first book is just out of the press, and is entitled "Merry Philbrick's Choice," the scene of which is located in a New England village. The "No Name Series" will be issued from time to time, at \$1.00 each.

These books are all for sale by How-

ard & Bowell, St. Johnsbury.

### Western Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28, 1876.

Mr. Editor:—Business is more active in Chicago now than it has been for a long time. Building is being pushed with energy and on a larger scale than before since the hard times set in. You see on every hand advertisements for carpenters, masons, hod-carriers, and others employed in building; but probably they will not be needed long enough this season to make it profitable for men to come from far away. I suppose the present pressure is for men to work till winter closes in, to complete the work already going on, or get it ready for exposure to the fast coming frost and storms. Sixty-six first-class stone-front houses have been erected on one lot during the summer, near the centre of the "West-side," and it gives the entire locality quite a changed appearance. After the unparalleled activity of the last few years in rebuilding the burnt district, which is regarded as a dull time here, would be thought quite lively times in many a prosperous place; but this marvel of a city is an exception to all general rules.

### FUTURE PROSPECTS.

The ambition and expectation of the average Chicago man for the future of his city is quite too vast to be very well defined. And that he has some grounds for the indulgence of this glowing fancy we need not go far out upon the prairies to be well convinced. At this season of the year you will see in all the villages and smaller cities, west and north-west, south-east, and south of there, great loads of corn, wheat, oats, and barley, in open wagon boxes as east-

ern farmers bring to market apples and potatoes; and the buyers standing in the market place from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, to pick up the swine, cattle, and other products farmers are taking in to sell; and on the night trains they are rolled away to be shipped in Chicago. The city is destined to continue growing for a long time to come, as still more wide areas are opened to cultivation and send in their produce to swell the industries and increase the wealth of the city by the lake. He must be a fearless or a foolish prophet who ventures in this generation to predict the limits of its growth, backed as it is by the widest and most fertile region of any city that the sun shines on.

### THE BOOK TRADE.

Another sign of better times is seen in the confidence with which the publishers of books are opening the season. Several of these firms are doing an extensive business, surpassed only by the largest houses in the eastern cities. But the most fortunate in securing manuscripts for books that sell is S. C. Griggs & Co. Prof. Matthes' books published by this firm have sold and are selling by the scores of thousands, and now they have struck another rich lead in a new volume of 174 pages, written by Emily Huntington Miller, editor of the *Little Corporal* in its daily edition.

**WHAT TOMMY DID.**

It is all about a youth of but four summers, but every child, all people who have children, and all people who love children would desire to read it, if they had the least idea of the entertainment it affords. Tommy is irrepressible and his mischief irresistible. The *Northern Christian Advocate* forgot his dignity and "laughed all the evening over the many funny things which Tom, my said and did," and "will warrant that no one, young or old, will lay it down until read through." It did not forfeit anything to me on this warrant, for I read it at one sitting. The grave *Christian Intelligencer* thinks "the relation of Tommy's adventures and misadventures, his pranks, experiments, frolics, and fancies, would make a stone explode with laughter, if it had an scuse of the comic."

**MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS.**

So far as numbers in attendance are concerned, the revival meetings in Chicago are now in the full tide of success. The noonday prayer meetings held in Fairwell Hall, a large room with extensive galleries, are crowded every day. The "Tabernacle," a temporary building erected for the purpose, is Mr. Moody's preaching place. It seats some 10,000 people, and is full or nearly so on every pleasant evening; and on a very stormy evening lately the crowd was estimated at 4,000, of whom 12,000 arose for prayers, and nearly as many followed Messrs. Moody and Sankey into their respective inquiry rooms, where, assisted by faithful helpers, male and female, they exposed to them the way of life more perfectly. This service is conducted with the utmost propriety and candor, nothing being said save what is deemed essential to the opening of the Scriptures and to lead the seekers to make a full surrender to God. Whether they get a clear idea of the necessity of rendering obedience to righteous law, as well as of the exercise of perfect faith, I presume not to decide. But when they believe and trust according to instructions, they are greatly renewed, assured that all is well, and go their way rejoicing.

**MESSRS. ROBERTS.**

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### PASTORS AND EVANGELISTS.

Most of the Chicago pastors are in full sympathy with Mr. Moody's methods and are rendering him assistance to the utmost of their ability. He is now organizing an apostolic movement to extend the means of grace to other towns and cities in the west. He sends a preacher and a singer out together. Major Whittle, who conducted the services in Chicago while Mr. Moody was in Massachusetts at his brother's funeral, goes with Mr. Bliss, joint compiler with Mr. Sankey of the song book used in all these services. Mr. Henry Morehouse, the promising young evangelist from England, takes with him a singing helper; and Col. Chatham and Mr. Stevens go together. They left the city on Monday, Oct. 23, upon their several missions, and the next day the telegraph returned glad tidings of the most promising beginning in their several fields of labor. Mr. Moody has direction of all these undertakings, and all who are interested with him obey his wishes with as much alacrity as military men obey the orders of superiors. In everything he shows the most imperturbable good nature, but in everything insists, with the most persistent graciousness on having his own way.

O. P.

### Letter from China.

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### THE BOOK TRADE.

On the summit of "Temple Hill," a new building has been added to the old "Yu Whong Temple"—on which relays of workmen were busy night and day, that it might be ready for the "great man"; and crowds of people were flocking to see it, so we, the day before the expected arrival, impelled by the same curiosity, went with the multitude up to the Temple of Yu Whong. Not to swing at his shrine, but to look at the great man, and to see how he looked.

From that I took, as well as the surrounding villages, but still no rain came, and when the people adopted my plan, I enlarged my circle again, and now an excellent man who had been a friend of mine I got there, had managed to get thirty villages to join him to pray to Tien-Lao-Yeh. I wrote a letter to him to read to the representatives of these villages, with some general directions as to how the prayer was to be made.

Thank God that part was blessed with rain, more than any other in the hen, and they managed with some difficulty to sow their corn. At this time, I was daily from home to other hills, distributing these placards in the eleven hills in the temple. We were not aware of the great scare about poisons gases coming through the pores of cast iron in furnaces of iron.

Captures of criminals constantly occurred. I met bands of soldiers here and there in order to keep down any rising. When these liens were done, the landlord and neighbors and other friends persuaded me not to go out any more, and this I was more ready to do, in order that I might practice what I had preached. One of the sentences was "Let the rich have money on the poor and let the poor attend to their duties."

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